

# The Register



FEBRUARY, 1923

VOL. XLII

NO. 5



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# Latin School Register

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February, 1923

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## Mars

Is communication with Mars possible? That is one of the questions of the day. Mechanical science is going forward every day, and why should astronomy go backward? Mars is the fourth planet from the sun and is the smallest, except Mercury and the asteroids, which are small bodies between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. These orbits are the paths on which the planets revolve. The diameter of Mars is 4,189 miles and it is 142 million miles from the sun. But it is only one-seventh of the size of our own earth. Its specific gravity is about five times the weight of water (5.19 to be exact). It revolves on its axis in about twenty-four and a half hours (24 hrs. 39 min. 22 sec., exactly). It revolves around the sun in one earth year and three hundred and twenty-one days, and moves 55,000 miles an hour in its orbit. The axis of Mars leans about thirty degrees toward its orbit (30° 18', exactly). The seasons are similar to those of the earth, but nearly twice as long. They are longer because

Mars takes two of our years in revolving around the sun. When Mars is seen with the naked eye it appears to be of a red, fiery color. Just now, it is just below the great dipper. When viewed with a telescope, outlines of apparent continents and seas are distinctly seen. The continents appear to have a ruddy color, arising probably from the nature of the soil. The seas appear to be greenish, caused, no doubt, by contrast with the red color of the continents. Mars presents different phases. It sometimes appears gibbous, that is, when we can see more than half, but not the whole, of the illuminated surface. Mars never appears horned like the moon because it does not pass between us and the sun. When viewed with the telescope, bright spots are seen alternately at the poles. These spots appear when it is winter or continual night at the poles. Snow and ice, which has accumulated at the poles during winter are supposed to be the cause for these spots.

From these facts it may be seen that



Mars is not so much unlike Earth, and is the most like it of all the planets. Certain scientists claim that Mars signalled Earth about a year ago and also about three months previous to that. They are now preparing various devices to answer in case Mars "signals" again. One idea is to have a large field of white cloth divided into small comparative parts, and to have these parts rolled up and back simultaneously by electric motor power, thus producing a black and white signal effect at night. Others are in favor of having myriads of electric lights in the closest formation possible put on simultaneously, giving a great effect at night. Both these ideas are good, but the main difficulty is to get a signal from Mars and getting a chance to try this out returning the signal. They are going to try signalling first, anyway, and big layouts are being put out in different places all over the world, constructing such signalling apparatus.

Even if Mars is inhabited, the people there would probably bear no resemblance to us. They would probably not have the same kind of bodies at all. Some scientists think that mercury and other substances of high specific gravity would have to be breathed in in gaseous form in Mars; and if that is so it in all probability eliminates the supposition that men with bodies like ours could live there. Even scientists who think that men of our likeness could be living there, admit that a man on Mars would have to be exceptionally strongly built

in the upper limbs, making the lower limbs necessarily weaker. He would have to be almost about twenty times the size of an ordinary man, and his head, chest, neck, shoulders and arms would have to be exceptionally large, strong and very well developed.

It would be a scarcely conceivable and totally different world from ours. The inhabitants would wear different clothes, their blood would be a different color from ours, they would eat totally different food, and breathe in air made of entirely different elements from ours, some of which it is most likely could not be conceived by us. Their water would be of a different color from ours and be made up of heavier material perhaps. They might be able to live in the air or perhaps under water. We would not speculate with the least touch of precision on what might be the conditions existing in that neighboring planet of ours.

It is an interesting subject to follow up, and, if anything develops, should prove much more so. Such a wonder would be a great thing in the Earth's history and would be a great honor to the country who had most to do with it. If anything like this should happen we hope it will be our own U. S. A. to discover it first, as many great scientists who are an ornament to their calling are Americans. Although we hardly think it possible, the Earth was thought to be flat till Columbus discovered America.

—P. S. K.





## The Artificial Baby

During the World War, Poland has undergone many changes in its political and economic features. A great lack of men to cultivate the fields and to transact business has kept back that country from a remarkable development under the new and independent form of government that commenced in 1919. This lack of men is due to the fact that Poland was first, at the breaking out of the World War, subject to the great Russian Empire, thus contributing a considerable number of her citizens to the Russian army. Of these more than half have not returned yet to their homes.

In 1916, when Poland became subject to the German Empire, the latter, after ruling one month, announced that there were many good positions for boys and men in Germany. In response to this announcement many of the remaining boys and men were registered and sent away into Germany and were apprenticed to do indescribable odd jobs. Pestilence and starvation wiped them out; only five per cent of the number taken survived, and after a year of hard toil they returned to their homes all of them invalid or crippled.

The government gave but little support to their wives and it is therefore evident that those women must look for a means of earning their living. Those who lived in the villages and possessed fields were finding their means of support in the agricultural line, but those women that lived in the cities often resorted to smuggling. A typical picture of this smuggling business may be illustrated by an incident that I personally witnessed.

About three years ago, when I was making preparations to migrate from Poland to America, I had occasion to travel to Warsaw, the capital and metropolis of Poland, for there lived the Ameri-

can consul to whom each emigrant had to present himself at least twice before he could leave the country.

The transportation in Poland was at that time very poor. The train that was bound to Warsaw would be first packed so that the doors could scarcely be closed. In such a manner, after a whole day's travel, the train arrived in Warsaw.

Once, during a trip to Warsaw, at one of the stations on the way, a lady entered the train. She was well dressed, rushed into the car, and pushed on all sides in order to obtain enough room for herself to stand. She held a baby in her arms well kept and its face veiled so that nobody could see how the child looked. She was pushing forward and back and behaved herself rudely. By her peculiar demeanor she attracted the attention of the other passengers more than anybody else, for she looked suspicious. The child made a terrible noise for a minute or so, then stopped, and then started off again. In such a manner it kept up all the way. Whenever the child became silent for a minute the mother put her face close to the child's face as if to kiss it, for behaving well for a minute. But as soon as she took away her face from the baby's it immediately burst out sobbing. The passengers at first were rather impatient over that annoyance, but later they became accustomed to the constant childish crying and did not mind it any longer.

When the train stopped at a station near Warsaw it was rumored that very strict search for food, especially for dairy products would be made, because the main smuggling was by importing all kinds of goods into Warsaw, especially food whose value was ten times as much as it was in other cities of Poland. Strict searches were therefore being made in the passenger trains frequently



to stop the practice, and if it was found that any passenger had in his satchel more than five pounds of bread, a pound of butter and other victuals more than he would need for himself, then he was under suspicion of smuggling. Hence he was taken off the train, the food taken away from him by the officials, and a severe penalty was imposed upon him.

When the train stopped at the above-mentioned station many people were getting off and new ones would supply their places. As soon as the crowd diminished, that lady in an instant disappeared, leaving her baby in a corner of the train. The time was drawing near for the train to continue its course. The rumor that a strict search for smuggled goods was being made in one of the cars, was still going around, and the

mother of that child had not returned yet. One of the passengers immediately reported to the conductor about the unfaithful mother. The conductor stepped forward, took the child in his arms, and began to reveal the baby's face. To his great surprise he found a large piece of butter shaped in the form of a baby and a whistle beside it. By blowing the whistle it would produce a babyish cry and keep it up for a minute or so.

Now we understood the trick. The lady wanted to smuggle the butter into Warsaw, on which she could have made a fine profit. But fearing that she might be detected, she had left her "baby" and escaped the penalty that would have been imposed upon her.

*J. Brody*





## History of The Latin School

### Part III

*By Philip Flynn '24*

*Ezekiel Cheever*

Benjamin Tompson was succeeded by Ezekiel Cheever, one of the greatest headmasters the school ever had. Cheever was born in London, January 25, 1614. In 1637, at the age of 23, he came to Boston. He did not remain long in Boston, however, for the next year he went to the Indian region of Quinnipiack to help found the New Haven colony. He was one of the famed little band who in 1639 in Newman's barn signed the compact for the government of the "Fourth Colony of New England Christians."

Governor Eaton of the new colony, a graduate of Oxford, desired to have a classical school for the youth of the new colony. Who was better fitted for this than young Cheever, who was also a graduate of an English university? He was appointed to the position and in 1639 the school opened.

It is supposed that during his residence at New Haven Cheever wrote his "Accidence", a short introduction to Latin for use of schools. This little book of less than a hundred pages was known as the "wonder of the age"; indeed, it was thought to have done more "to inspire young minds with the love of the study of the Latin language than any other work of the kind since the first settlement." It passed through eighteen printings, the last being in Boston in 1838.

After teaching in New Haven for about twelve years, he left in 1650 to become master of the school in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

After eleven years in Ipswich, Ezekiel Cheever moved to Charlestown (1661)

to become master of the school there at a salary of 30 pounds a year.

After teaching in Charlestown nine years he accepted the invitation of Boston Town to become master of its Latin School. This was in January, 1671. He was then fifty-seven years of age and had taught school over thirty years.

The Boston school to which Mr. Cheever now came had been in existence thirty-five years. It was situated on what is now School Street, formerly School House Lane and South Latin Grammar School Street. It was just behind King's Chapel. A bronze tablet in the rear of that church now marks the spot where the first schoolhouse stood. The schoolhouse was a plain and simple as was the first meetinghouse. The master probably lived in one portion of it—and kept school in the remainder.

School began at seven in the morning during the summer, and at eight in the winter. All the year round it began at one in the afternoon and with a "deponite libros" it closed at five. Here boys learned the Latin Accidence and translated Aesop's Fables into Latin verse. In Greek they read mostly the New Testament.

For his service as master of the Latin School in "the metropolis of English America" Mr. Cheever received a salary of 60 pounds a year. With the increase of pupils, Mr. Cheever hired an assistant at his own expense. But in March, 1699, the inhabitants at a town meeting voted to provide him with an assistant. Mr. Ezekiel Lewis, a grandson of Mr. Cheever, was hired at a salary of 45



pounds a year. Two years after, Mr. Nathaniel Williams was hired as assistant at the salary of 80 pounds a year.

Ezekiel Cheever was now getting very old but yet kept on teaching.

In 1706 his wife died and his life was very lonely from then on. However, the old man could not go on teaching forever, and he retired when his last illness overtook him. He died August 20, 1708, about ninety-four years old, having taught for seventy years. His funeral was from the schoolhouse where he had taught. The governor, councilors, ministers, justices, and citizens were present. Mr. Nathaniel Williams, his assistant, gave a wonderful eulogy in Latin on Mr. Cheever. Cotton Mather preached the funeral sermon, at the end of which he gave an essay in rhyme to the memory of his "Venerable Master." It began as follows:

"You that are men, and thoughts of manhood  
know,

Be just now to the man that made you so.

Martyred by scholars, the stabbed Cassian dies,  
And falls to cursed lads a sacrifice.

Not so my Cheever, not by scholars slain,

But praised and loved and wished to life again.

A mighty tribe of well-instructed youth  
Tell what they owe to him, and tell the truth;  
All the eight parts of speech he taught to them  
They now employ to trumpet his esteem.

—and so on for over 200 lines in a wonderful tribute to his dead teacher.

Ezekiel Cheever was certainly a wonderful teacher and man and we make no apology for using a whole installment to tell about him. His name will live forever. It is inscribed on a tablet in Ipswich, on a tablet in the lower corridor of our own school, and in New Haven there is a school which bears his name. Ezekiel Cheever was one whom all good men ought to imitate as well as extol. As Edward Everett Hale said: "Who gave the Boston Latin School its repute? Who set the standard for the little town which, at the common charge gave every boy the best training of which that time had any idea? Simply it was *Ezekiel Cheever*."

On September 6, 1708, Mr. Nathaniel Williams, formerly assistant to Mr. Cheever, took charge of the Boston Latin School.

(Contd.)



## Sam Bartlett—Fisherman

"Yes, sir, that's Sam Bartlett, and the best fisherman, in his day, that ever sailed out o' Gloucester. What? Did he retire too early? Well, I can't say that he retired at all of his own accord. Yes, there is a story to it.

"You've heard tell of Tim Bartlett I suppose. No? Well, Tim made quite a name for himself picking up men and going after men from wrecks. But Tim went down with his ship at last as I guess we'll all do. If I'm not mistaken it was off Newfoundland that the "Mary Bartlett" struck. When Mary Bartlett heard of Tim she vowed that no son of hers should take to the sea and she made young Sam promise.

"Sam grew up to be a strapping young fellow and folks said it was a shame to make him waste his life in a grocery store. Some even whispered that Sam wasn't over fond of his dead father's

Sam worked all day and went to bed at night and not a murmur was heard of him. He was a big fellow and everyone could see that he was a fisherman. He was a big fellow and everyone could see that he was a fisherman. He was a big fellow and everyone could see that he was a fisherman.

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Once she felt sure something was going to happen and Sam stayed at home to keep her from worrying. So he did! A long way out from shore a heavy fog dropped and every man out trawling was lost. I, having no mate, had stayed aboard or I should not be here to tell the tale.

"The 'Adeline' went into dry dock, and Sam and I shipped aboard the 'Alicia Swan', Captain Swan of Boston.

"Sam's mother certainly did have queer notions. She made him come home in the trolleys every time the ship docked; and once every so often she'd get some strange notion in her head and Sam would have to stay at home. Now, all this didn't go to strengthen Sam's name. You know what they think of a young buck like him that's tied to his ma's apron strings. In a dory Sam belonged, and in a dory Sam felt at home; but on land he'd go around kind of sheepish-like trying to hide himself. Those wise parties—you know whom I mean, sir; those who hang around the wharves helping to paint a dory or overhaul a net when they want a drink—said as how he wasn't nary a fisherman like his father before him. A lot of folks talked about it. But even a bunch of folks like them find themselves wrong when they are wrong.

It was near Christmas. The weather only a few days before but our skipper had made a great sum for the day before.

One day we were out as a fisherman. He was a big fellow and everyone could see that he was a fisherman. He was a big fellow and everyone could see that he was a fisherman.

He was a big fellow and everyone could see that he was a fisherman. He was a big fellow and everyone could see that he was a fisherman. He was a big fellow and everyone could see that he was a fisherman.



"I don't know how it happened nor does Sam—maybe we were thinking too much of the morrow—but just as we began pulling back a big sea came up and—

" 'Tis a fearful thing, sir, to find yourself on the bottom of a dory, especially in winter; and when you've been blown miles from your ship and it's the day before Christmas. Well, that's the way Sam Bartlett and I were on the twenty-fourth day of December.

" 'Don,' says Sam to me, 'do you suppose we could swim home by New Year's?'

"That's the way he said it, just like that. But you can take my word for it I felt not a bit like fooling.

" 'In five minutes,' says I 'you'd be frozen stiff as a main-mast. The only chance we've got, Sammy, is by being picked up within the next two days.'

"At that he sobered down.

" 'Do you know, Don,' says he, 'I kind of expected to die with my boots on. My father and his father before him were lost at sea. But my mother—my mother—it'll be hard on her.'

" 'It's my opinion,' says I, 'that we're being blown right in the course of the steamers. Maybe we'll sight one for a Christmas present.'

"Night came on and the sea lulled. A cold drizzling rain set in and lasted all through the night. When morning came my bones were cramped and in spite of the oilskins I was soaked through. Sam, I could see, was the same way.

"The whole day it rained and as night came again it grew colder. But with our oilskins and heavy undergarments I thought we had a chance of lasting another day. But the agony of hanging on there when I could gently slide off into the water was almost more than I could bear. A drop into the water, a brief struggle, and the tortures

of thirst, hunger, cold and weariness would be over. I was going mad! At last I knew I could stand it no longer and I began to slip when—all grew dark before me.

"I awoke in the warm cabin of a liner.

" 'Well, my lad,' says he, I took to be the ship's doctor, 'so you come around all right, did you.'

" 'Where's Sam Bartlett,' I asks as I looked around and didn't see him.

" 'You mean your dorymate. He's in the next cabin and—' the good doctor shook his head, 'and we may avoid amputation yet but—'

" 'Amputation!' I yells, 'Whats the matter.' And I learned the whole story.

"When I had fainted—how I hate that word, sir. It makes me think of what it nearly cost Sam Bartlett—Sam grabbed me and held me on. He next took off his own oilskin jacket and put it on me—me! A steamer picked us up and found nothing much the matter with me, but Sam's two arms were frozen.

"Well, sir, the best happened. Sam's arms stayed close to his body but he could never fish again.

"When we got back to Gloucester every newspaper had full details of our cruise on the bottom of a dory and its results. A reporter on board the ship that picked us up sent it in.

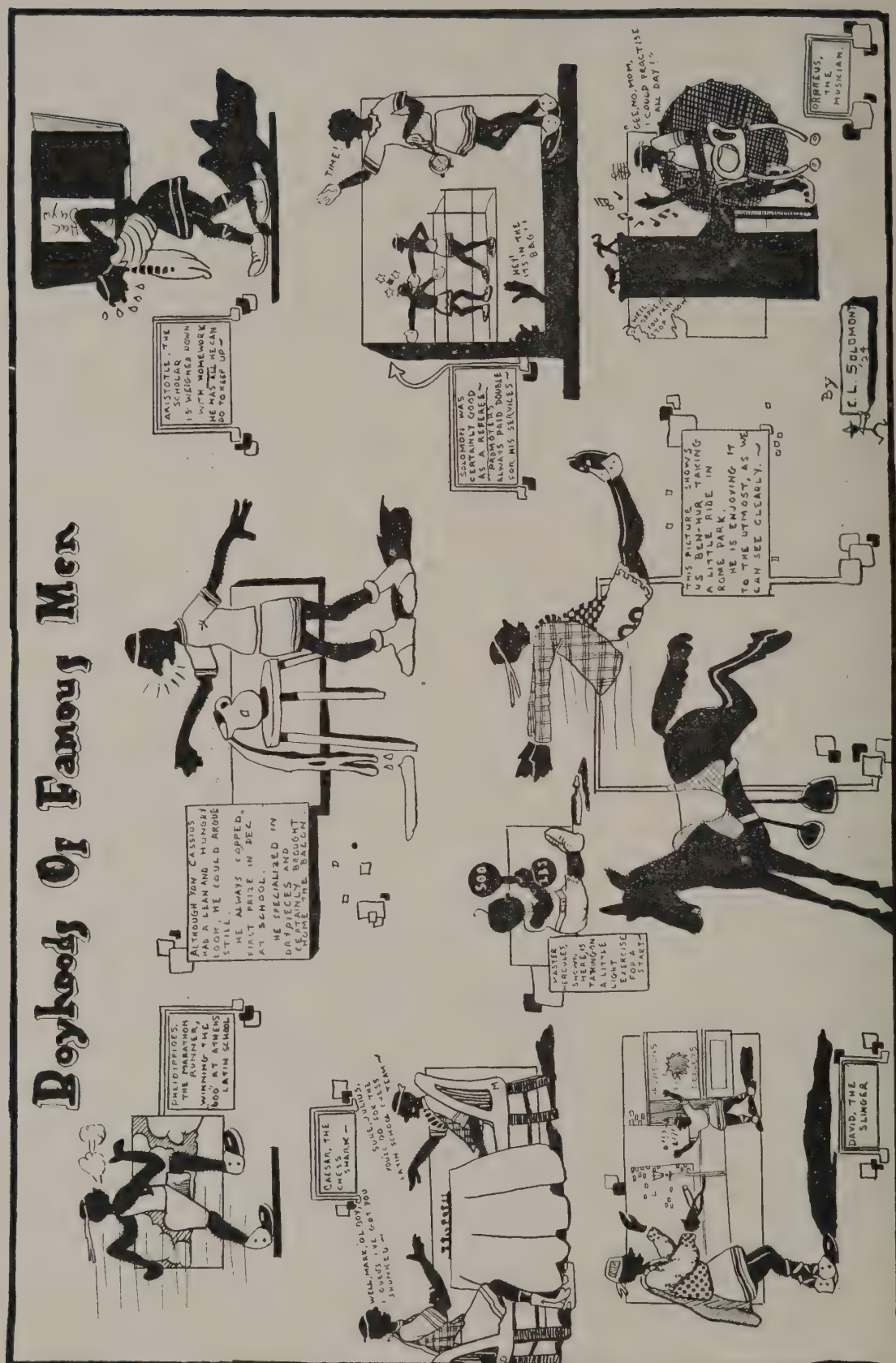
"Well, Sam never sailed the seas again, and for that his mother was glad. He hooked a berth in the office of my company and now he's at the wheel. 'Twas him that gave me my vessel.

"I sail to-morrow, boys, so-long. What? Why don't I quit the seas? And what would I do? No, I'm a fisherman, sir, and I suppose I'll die one. Still, it would be nice to pass away on land wouldn't it? But—Oh well, so-long, boys. Maybe I'll see you next time in and—maybe not. So-long."

—R. Golden '26



# Boys' Own Famous Men

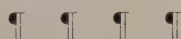






Somehow or other we seem to get no response from the exchanges that we send out, except in the case of a few regular correspondents. However, we still have hopes for a larger column.

Another thing that we wish to speak about is the disappearance of many exchanges left about the sanctum. The staff as yet has no key to the door of the new sanctum and consequently the door is open at all times. There seems to be a great demand for exchanges of the college magazine style, with many illustrations of flappers, etc., other exchanges of the more literary, kind are left untouched.



The *Register* acknowledges the following exchanges:

*Bulletin*, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.: This is a new exchange. It is

well illustrated and contains much news and many interesting historical facts.

*Clarion*, West Roxbury High School: You are improving with each issue. The Alumni edition is certainly a hustler. Still no ads.

*Distaff*, Girls' High School: Current events is the most interesting department in your paper. There should be an instructive and interesting column such as this in every school paper. Why do you devote the whole Alumnae department to the news of one alumna?

*Grotonian*, Groton School: The numerous little cuts in your Christmas number made the magazine very attractive. "Pierre Gaillard" was a very interesting story with a moral. The pungent editorial deserves more than a passing thought.

*Wyvern*, Hartford, Conn.: This is



another new exchange. The material, of which there is an abundance, is excellent but it is all cramped up and jammed together. There is much good verse.

*Obelisk*, Murphysboro, Ill.: A progressive and newsy little paper. You have a great many jokes.

*The Regis Monthly*, New York, N. Y.: Another new exchange. The material and arrangement are excellent. The cuts, although few, are very good.

*The Pasadena Chronicle*, Pasadena, Cal.: This is the best school weekly we have yet seen. The editorials are indeed excellent and the news is well written and well arranged.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

What other papers say about us:

The *Register*, Boston Latin School—Although you have much good material, we think some details of your arrangement might be improved. It is well enough to put your feature articles first,

but why waste space after you have them off your mind? Is paper cheap over your way? On the other hand, you have an interesting style in many of your contributions. We send luck to your returning exchange department.

*Record*, English High School.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

The *Register*, Boston Latin School—Your well-edited paper evidently receives good support from the school. The Exchange column is conspicuous by its absence.

*Clarion*, West Roxbury High School.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

The Latin School *Register*—This is another new exchange. Its appearance and organization are most attractive. The fiction department contains some unusual stories, especially "Resurrection."

*Aster*, Miss Craven's School,  
Newark, N. J.

## Hope

"Say, Dick, keep still," growled Bob Hamilton, sleepily.

"Well, I say, Bob, wake up; something's in the air," called back Dick.

These two boys were camping on a small island on Lake Lookout. They had come to this place to enjoy the quiet of nature; but they had found it anything but quiet since their arrival.

"First, it's owls yowling," said Bob, "then it's birds spitting back and forth. Say, Dick, let's go home. The city is far better than this hole."

"Oh, Bob, cheer up," replied Dick. "I like excitement. Let's go out and see what it is; come on, please."

So Bob consented, as he always did, but not very willingly. The boys prepared for a hunt for the "something". As they opened the door and looked into the dark night, "Who? Who?" greeted them.

"I hate those old yowling 'who's',

Dick, let's go back to bed."

"Bob, you're a downright coward, and a mighty big one at that."

That was enough, and right then and there Bob resolved to prove to Dick that he was as good a sport as could be found.

The walk was begun with very slow, stealthy steps, watchful eyes, and listening ears. They walked in the woods for what seemed to be several miles, but they could neither see nor hear anything. They began to retrace their steps to camp.

"Oh, I wish something real exciting would happen, not just the same old thing all the time," sighed Dick.

"Well, Dick, if your memory is good, you'll remember how you said you hoped that there wouldn't be anything exciting happening here and you picked this small place so as to get away from anything which had excitement attached to it."



"Oh, I remember, Bob, but my middle name is excitement, and I can't get away from it."

"Hello there! What's that?" shouted Bob.

They both rushed to a white object lying on the ground in front of their tent door.

Bob reached it first and picked it up rather roughly in his anxiety to discover its contents. A lantern was lighted, and the bundle was undone very quickly.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Bob.

"Same here, old boy. I'd like to know what a fellow's going to do with a thing like that. Here's a note, too."

It was hastily unfolded and its contents were read:

"Dear Boys:

I ask you, for the sake of this baby, to keep her. Take her to your home in the city. I will return for her eighteen years from this date, in this same place. Do not fail me. You will not be sorry. Call her Hope. She is six months old, born February 28th.

An Unknown Friend."

"Well, Dick," said Bob, "let's take her home and see what becomes of it. I wouldn't mind having a little sister anyway, and mother won't object, I feel sure."

"All right, Bob, but are you sure you'd rather keep her than have me keep her. I think she's cunning. Look at the little dimples on her cheek. Say, she's awake. Is she beginning to cry? Go and get some milk, Dick, and I'll rock her. Better warm it; everybody says babies should have warm milk."

The milk was heated and given to the baby. Hope hardly knew what to make of having to drink from a cup, but being so hungry, she soon was able to get what wasn't spilled on the floor by the two nervous boys.

The next morning found the boys eagerly relating their adventure to their interested parents. It was agreed that Bob's mother should bring up the child, as her own until the wonderful date should come that was to solve the mystery.

Hope grew to be a beautiful girl, with one of the sweetest dispositions a girl could possess. She believed herself to be the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Bob's sister. She had completed her high school course and also one year of her college course when at last the time came for Hope's identity to become known.

"Oh, mother," sighed Bob, who now was a man of thirty-six years, "how I dread to go to that place. I wonder what the outcome will be."

Both Bob and Dick had graduated from college and were now very successful business men. Dick did not live at home, for he was married, but Bob still remained with his parents.

"Bob, what is the trouble? You have such a mysterious look on your face. Why are you taking me so far from home and especially to such a small insignificant looking place as this island appears to be according to the picture?" said Hope.

"Well, sis, you wait and see. We'll probably have a good time there anyway. By the way, Dick and his wife are to be there."

"I'll bet you have some nice camp fixed there, and you have a surprise for me."

"There's a surprise, all right Hope."

They finally reached the island and approached the camp. An attractive cottage had been built where eighteen years before there had been a tent.

"Hello, Dick. How is the old boy? Anxiously waiting? So am I," cried Bob.

"I dread to see the old man coming,



I'm afraid something's wrong," sighed Dick.

Evening came and all was quiet outside the camp, except a lonely "Who! Who!" now and then. Inside everyone was spending an enjoyable time when this was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Good evening, sirs. I am glad you did not fail me. May I come in?" asked the old gentleman. He was poorly dressed and appeared to be very tired.

"Oh certainly, I beg your pardon for not asking you in before. Come right in," invited Bob nervously.

"Now I am not going to tire you out with a long story because I want things understood at once," began the man who had introduced himself as Mr. Wheeler. He had not looked at Hope, who was listening intently, but gazed steadily at the table. His hands shook nervously and he started to speak in a trembling voice.

"I am the brother of your mother, Robert Hamilton. She is the only near relative I have. When I was but eighteen, I was sent out into the world to make my own living; my father had disowned me, declaring that I was worthless. I began to work, but continually failed. My book knowledge gained me nothing. Finally I met a girl whom I fell in love with and married. I supported her very poorly but to the best

of my ability. Then came the baby. Her mother died six months later, and I was at my wits end to know what to do. I was ready to go back to my father when I discovered that both he and my mother had died. Then I found out where my sister was living. I also found out that my nephew and his friend were coming out here. Knowing this, I planned to bring her here and to leave her. I named her Hope, because I had hoped and prayed that she would be brought up and educated as a decent man's daughter should. I have been watching her progress since then. I have told my story and I am now ready to leave."

Mr. Wheeler rose, but fell back into his seat, too weak to stand. The other four sat motionless.

Hope was the first to speak.

"So you are my father. Bob is not my brother," and tears began to roll down her pale cheeks.

"Both you and your father are to live with us and we'll all be as one large family," came from Bob.

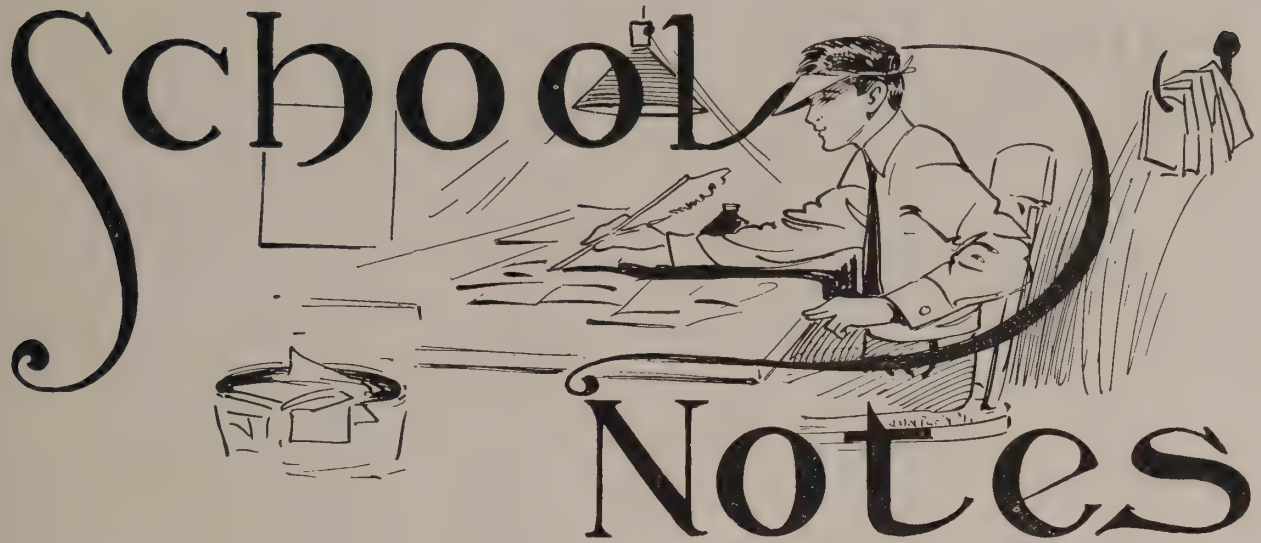
The next morning the party, now composed of five members, left for home. Hope had recovered her father and Bob and Dick had discovered the author of a note and the owner of a little object which they had found eighteen years before.

*L. Myer. '25*





# School Notes



We entered the Exhibition Hall on February 16, 1923, to attend the first exercises in commemoration of the birth of George Washington ever held in our new building. To martial strains from our "Classical" orchestra, we went to our places.

The program was finally arranged. In place of Mr. Capen, upon similar occasions a familiar figure in the old days, Samuel Liner played with his customary excellent ability. Excerpts from Washington's "Farewell Address" were read by Marget of Class I. M. I. Abrams delivered a declamation. Member of no less an organization than the *Ciceronian Syncopaters* displayed whirlwind harmony, and did very well, too.

The man who made the exercises an occasion of profit to all who heard was Mr. Mullen '80, the guest of the day. He compared Washington the soldier with Napoleon. He spoke of success and failure, of the firm foundation Washington had set for his country, of faith, in the future of our country, all with the utmost sincerity.



We wish to call attention to the *Register Prize* offered this year. The conditions of this prize were announced in the first issue of this year's *Register*. The department of fiction should be one of

the best in any publication. It seems as if the fellows in the lower classes are taking a greater interest in the *Register* than any others. A few days ago we received a story from a fellow in the sixth class. Where are those in the first and second?



It seems as if the dormant club spirit of the Latin School has awakened at last. We find among us a body of Ciceronian Syncopaters, a Dramatic Club, a Chess Club, and a fifth class Debating Club. We hope that from humble beginnings these clubs continue to exist and grow.

A debating club in the fifth class is especially gratifying, for it is not unlikely that the boys who now compose the club will continue in their efforts as debaters throughout their courses.



To Odenwaller of the fourth class we owe our apologies. To his courtesy we owe the photographs of the Latin-English game which appeared in the December issue of the *Register*. Through error this statement has been omitted.



Speaking of football—it was not intended at this season of the year to



print a *football cut* as heading for the sports column!

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Class II is not doing its part in sending contributions to the *Register*. Let every boy in that class who proposes to offer his name as a candidate for the staff next year send in at least one well planned article for publication before June.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Class III is doing very commendable work in this particular.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

#### ALUMNI NOTES

We rejoice to hear that Leroy M. S. Miner has been promoted to a full professorship in the Harvard Dental School.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

At the regional conference of New England high school teachers, George R. Nutter, former president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, spoke of the need of education in business.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

In recognition of Dr. A. T. Davison's musical achievements in his work with the Harvard Glee Club, he was honored with the *Palme Academique* in behalf of the French Government.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

We regret to hear of the death of Eugene Hale Douglass at Manila, Philippine Islands. At the time of his death

he held the rank of lieutenant commander in the United States Navy.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

We mourn the death of John Trowbridge, famous for his attainments in Physics, and for the building of the Jefferson Physical Laboratory at Harvard. From John Trowbridge's class at B. L. S. four boys became professors, of whom he is the last to die.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

We are glad to hear of Roy E. Larson as circulation manager of the *Times*, a new weekly news-magazine published in New York City.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

On January 26, George B. de Gersdorff was elected to the board of managers of the Harvard Club of New York City.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

George E. Howes was, on January 15, elected to the executive committee of the Harvard Club of the Berkshires.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Howard Whitcomb has been elected chairman of the Brokers' Division of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

T. Temple Pond was recently engaged to Miss Virginia K. Deacon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur K. Deacon of Webster Groves, Mo.







### THE HARVARD FRESHMAN MEET

Our track season swung into line with the meet against the Harvard Freshmen and our ancient rival, English High.

The Freshman team, composed mostly of ex-Andover and Exeter stars, easily romped off with the prizes. The final score stood 51 for the yearlings, 17 for English, and 4 for Latin.

English cut in on the points in the dash, when both Daley and Harley won second and third places from Chase of Harvard. Chase also won the "300" handily with Hootstein of English and Broome of Harvard close behind.

Bob. Allen, former Andover captain, won the "600".

The feature race of the day was the "1000", won by McKillop of English High. The Blue and Blue leader jumped the field at the very start and ever increased his lead. He lapped most of the runners and breezed home in 2 min. 25  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs. This betters Earl Dudley's record by 3  $\frac{2}{5}$  secs.

Jones and Cheek, two Exonians, carried away the honors in the field events. Cheek is also a football star of note.

Since all three men that qualified in the hurdles were of the Freshman team, no final heat was run. Bob. Allen would undoubtedly have won this event also.

The first relay of the team race was keenly fought. Govan jumped into the lead but he was passed by McGlone. Then McKillop came up to McGlone and they fought this way for two laps, but the High School boys could not stand the pace that the rest of the team set and the Freshmen won easily.

An informal varsity race with Boston University was held, but the intown collegians were no match for Harvard.

The summary:

*40-yard dash*—won by Chase, (H); second, Daley (E); third, Harley (E). Time: 5 secs.

*300-yard run*—won by Chase (H); second, Hootstein (E); third, Broome (H). Time: 35  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

*600-yard run*—won by Allen (H); second, Haggerty (L); third, McGlone (H). Time: 1 min. 20 secs.

*1000-yard run*—won by McKillop (E); second, Grossman (H); third, Kobes (H). Time: 2 min. 25  $\frac{4}{5}$  sec.

*45-yard low hurdles*—First heat won by Potter, Harvard. Time: 6  $\frac{3}{5}$  sec. Second heat won by McMarsters (H). Time: 6  $\frac{2}{5}$  sec. Third heat won by Allen (H). Time 6 sec.

*High jump*—won by S. B. Jones (H), 5 ft. 9 in.; second, tie between Durgin (H) and Holzey (E), 5 ft. 2 in.

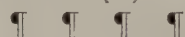


*Shotput*—won by Cheek (H), 42 ft. 7 in.; Second, Altman (H), 37 ft. 11 in.; third, Potter (H), 37 ft. 1 in.

#### JUNIOR DIVISION

*50-yard dash*—won by Tyler (L); second, McCarthy (C); third, Vissone (C); fourth, Lacker (C).

*160-yard run*—won by Ryan (C); second, Finklestein (L); third, Stevens (C); fourth, Seifert (C).



#### LATIN 139—DORCHESTER 81

Latin School scored a victory over Dorchester High in their dual meet, with the running events completed in the East Armory. Latin started off by leading in the field events, held at Dorchester, 60 to 29.

Captain Wood of Dorchester won the hurdle race over Becherer and Lyons.

Hammer and Savage repeated their performances of the Commerce meet in the senior dash.

MacDonald of Dorchester triumphed over Brown of Latin in a stirring "300" Vin Sullivan was right on Brown's heels for third place.

Joe Ingoldsby stepped out in the "600" and easily won. The real race in this event was for second laurels. Denvir of Latin, running his first race, held a slight lead over Olsen at the gun. Although exhausted Denvir refused to be passed and earned second place by his stout heart.

First place in the "1000" went to Joyce of Dorchester. F. Ingoldsby had a fine sprint but he could not overcome his rival's lead. Keefe was third and Cataldo fourth.

Gordon again won the hurdle race for the intermediates with O'Brien second.

Holzman showed good form in the "600" but was pressed hard by Feinberg. Tyler and Cohen cleaned up for the juniors.

The summary:

#### SENIOR DIVISION

*50-yard low hurdles*—won by Wood (D); second, Decker (L); third, Lyons (L); fourth, Chute (D).

*50-yard dash*—won by Hammer (L); second, Savage (L); third, Ross (D); fourth, Hearn (D).

*300-yard run*—won by McDonald (D); second, Brown (L); third, Sullivan (L); fourth, Brown (D).

*600-yard run*—won by Joe Ingoldsby (L); second, Denvir (L); third, Olsen, (D); fourth, Bergin (D).

*1000-yard run*—won by Joyce (D); second, Ingoldsby (L); third, Keefe (L); fourth, Cataldo (L).

#### INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

*50-yard low hurdles*—won by Gordon (L); second, O'Brien (L); third, Dolan (D); fourth, McGuinness (L).

*50-yard dash*—won by D'Marcelle (L); second, McDermott (L); third, Noble (D); fourth, Morganstern (D).

*220-yard run*—won by Heavie (D); second, Nolan (L); third, H. Ganey (D); fourth, Keith (D).

*600-yard run*—won by Holsman (L); second, Tamberg (L); third, Gaffney (L); fourth, Fowle (L).

#### JUNIOR DIVISION

*50-yard dash*—won by Tyler (L); second, Epstein (L); third, Harrington (D); fourth, Orlov (L).

*160-yard dash*—won by Cohen (L); second, Flanagan (D); third, Finklestein (L); fourth, Silva (D).

*Relay race*—won by Harvard Freshmen (McGlone, Broome, Chase, Allen); second, English (McKillop, Daley, Hootstein, Cullen); third, Latin (Govan, Higgins, Sullivan, Ingoldsby).



#### THE COMMERCE MEET

Our first city meet was with Commerce and we were defeated, 121 to 99. The field events were held in the Commerce gymnasium and they led by 21 points.



There were three double place winners in the two days competition. Captain Rumpf won the hurdles and broad jump in the senior division; and Aaron Gordon repeated in the intermediate class. Tyler, of Latin, captured the standing broad jump and the 50-yard dash for the juniors.

Latin took first and second in the senior dash with Hammar and Savage providing the points.

The feature race was the "300". Captain Hunt was away like a rabbit at the start, with Burke of Commerce hot at his heels. They continued this way up the home stretch but Burke's burst of speed at the tape just nosed out Hunt.

Nate Levine of Commerce won by an eyelash over Demoselle, who has given a fine account of himself in his first year of track.

Joe Nolan had a hard time winning the "220" but his stout running kept him up in front.

Tyler won the junior dash easily, and Ryan just beat out Finklestein in the "160".

The summary: .

#### SENIOR DIVISION

50-yard *low hurdles*—won by Arnold Rumpf (C); second, O'Brien (L); third, Lyons (L); fourth, Truesdale (L).

50-yard *dash*—won by Hammer (L); second, Savage (L); third, Westbrook (C); fourth, Garrity (C).

300-yard *run*—won by Chester Burke (C); second, Hunt (L); third, Sullivan (L); fourth, Connell (C).

600-yard *run*—won by Ellsworth Haggerty (L); second, Gately (C); third, Welch (C); fourth, Taylor (C).

1000-yard *run*—won by Edward Collins (C); second, Sullivan (C); third, Ingoldsby (L); fourth, Keefe (L).

#### INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

50-yard *low hurdles*—won by Gordon (L); second, O'Brien (L); third, Zinn (C); fourth, Miln (C).

50-yard *dash*—won by Nate Levin (C); second, Demoselle (L); third, Gorman (L); fourth, MacKenzie (C).

220-yard *run*—won by Joseph Nolan (L); second, Nazarre (C); third, Aulano (C); fourth, Tucker (L).

600-yard *run*—won by Cantotolli (C); second, Holzman (L); third, Gaffney (L); fourth, McKenna (C).





## The Land of Men

In the land of lengthy night  
Where the conqueror is might,  
Where the wondrous snows reach out  
o'er wide expanse,  
Where the air is free from bustle,  
Free from life's turmoil and hustle,  
There's the land where one may find  
his true romance.

It's the land of hard-fought battles,  
Very many hard-fought battles,  
The land in which the fittest one  
survives.  
'Tis the land that knows no favor,  
Where the weakling's sure to waver,  
Where Great God's the mighty justice  
of men's lives.

The Northland is the realm of God,  
Decreed to be, from sky to sod,  
The place for only those who are real  
men.  
For, it harbors not the kind,  
Who are base in heart and mind,  
And whose courage is no deeper than  
the skin.

O the beauty of those lands  
Far surpasses other strands!  
O what beauty in the endless cliffs of  
ice!  
As they shine in dazzling splendor,  
Seem majestic in their grandeur,  
Floating proudly 'midst the frozen  
Paradise.

O stout and sturdy North!  
Men cannot declare thy worth  
Until they do thy recesses frequent;  
Thou art the home of brave and free;  
Thou art to happiness, the key;  
The one, the Ideal land of heart's  
content

—L. Tobin '23





The front doorbell was out of repair. Mother instructed John to put up some sort of notice to that effect. He finally evolved this sign which a startled neighbor brought in to the mother: "Please Knock the Door Bell out of Order."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

#### WORTHLESS

Percy Prunes (who has a headache): "Will you give me something for my head?"

Druggist: "No! Wouldn't take it as a gift."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

#### A BIRD IN THE HAND

He: "And may I see your father tomorrow, dearest?"

She: "Y-e-s. I suppose it's too late to see him tonight."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

#### HEARD IN ROOM —

Master: "Success, boys, has four conditions."

Voice from the back row: "Tough luck, Mr. Headmaster will kick it out of school."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

#### PERSONALITY PLUS

"She's got a lot of personality, hasn't she?"

"Well, she weighs more than two hundred."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Teacher: "Ernest, who defeated the Philistines?"

Ernest: "Dunno. I don't follow none o' them bush league teams."

#### HOW CHANGED!

The Lodger: "Oh, Mrs. Grabb, you've made a mistake in my washing this week. You've kept my shirt and sent me half-a-dozen very old handkerchiefs instead."

Mrs. Grabb: "Lor' bless yer, sir, them ain't handkerchiefs; that *is* yer shirt!"

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

#### PERMANENT RESIDENTS

A party of men and women being escorted by the chief warden through the prison came to a room where three women were sewing.

"Dear me," whispered one of the visitors, "what vicious looking creatures. What are they here for?"

"Because they have no other home. This is our sitting room, and they are my wife and two daughters," replied the warden.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

#### THEIR USE

Sarcastic Passenger: "What good are the figures in these railway timetables?"

Genial Stationmaster: "Why, if it weren't for them figures, we'd have no way for findin' out how late the trains are."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

#### NOT IN THE DAILY DOZEN

"Had some great exercise at the deaf mute dance last night."

"Exercise?"

"Yes; swinging dumb belles."



## WELL SUPPLIED

Visiting school dentist (to a little foreigner): "Have you any tooth brushes at home, my little man?"

Boy: "You bet we have tooth brushes at our house. We have lot's of 'em, too. My father drives an ash cart."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## FOR EMPHASIS

"Where were italics first used?" asks a subscriber.

The first time we remember seeing them was on a printed slip that read: "This is *past due*. Please give it your *prompt* attention."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

The agent on the reservation was trying to explain to tourists how the Indians got their names.

"It used to work this way. If a girl saw a timid fawn, she was called Fawn Afraid. If a young buck happened to spy a crazy buffalo, he might be called Crazy Bull."

"But the deer and buffalo have disappeared. Times have changed."

"That's just it. Half the girls in this tribe are named Tin Lizzie."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## AN AGREEMENT

She: "So your story was returned. It is too bad!"

He: "Yes, that's what the editor said about it."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## EXPERIENCED

"Smokin' cigs is sure to hurt yer."

"G'wan! Where'd yer get dat idear?"

"From pop."

"Aw, he was just stringin' yer."

"No, he wasn't stringin' me, he was strappin' me. Dat's how I know it hurts."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Clerk: "Sir, I'd like my salary raised."

Boss: "Well, don't worry. I've raised it somehow every week so far, haven't I?"

## HIS MATCH

"Is May at home?" Bill asked the maid.

"May who?"—he had her guessing.

"Why, Mayonnaise." And then she said:

"Oh, Mayonnaise is dressing."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## FIERCE VARIETY

Stude: "And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane."

Englishman: "My word! what fierce birds you have in America."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

The dean was exceedingly angry.

"Do you confess that this unfortunate young man was carried to the pond and drenched? Now, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?"

"The right leg," answered the Sophomore meekly.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## CURED

A darky was being hanged for murder.

"Rastus," said the sheriff as he was leading the prisoner to the scaffold, "have you anything to say before the sentence of the law is carried into execution?"

"No, boss," replied the convict, "I ain't no speechifier, but I suttently believes dis am g'wine to be a lesson to me."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

The fisherman was describing his catch of the day before, holding his hands a considerable distance apart.

"The trout," he said, "was this long, anyway. I tell you I never saw a fish like that."

"No," mused his friend, "I reckon you never did."

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

## A PRIZE

Father (reading a letter from son at college): "Myopia says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing."

Mother: "I just knew he'd win something in his athletics."

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